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DISCE QUASI SEMPER VICTURUS.

VIVE QUASI CRAS MORITURUS.

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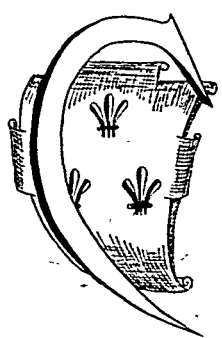
"Dawn."

DAIR dawned the day, and Morn, with easy tread
Advancing, slowly overcame the Night.
As she drew back and hastened in her flight
The flitting shadows lingering seemed to wed
The sunbeams, then to wither, then were dead.
The violets, looking up with faces bright,
Embraced and snatched the dewdrop from the light,
While, maiden-like, Earth hung her lovely head.
How weak are words to paint the beauteous morn,
The moving loveliness that fills the eyes
And makes the spirit chafe within the clay,
Regretting to what slavery it is born!
In justice God took from us Paradise,
But in His mercy left us break of day.

F. W. E.

Horace as a Poet and Philosopher.

BY EMIL AHLRICHS.



CRITICS may not agree upon the merits of a poet during his life-time; succeeding ages may dissent from the views that others have expressed, and furnish many and powerful reasons in support of their arguments but there comes a time when his fame has been firmly established, and his works have been fully criticised, so that it is well-nigh impossible to say anything which others have left unmentioned. Hence it is a difficult task to write on a poet like Horace without repeating what has often been spoken and printed. What new applications

can be given to his maxims? Which line has not been quoted?

It is only possible—though it may give rise to occasional blunders—not to trace out some hidden meaning, but to treat him in the light of one's own knowledge, impressions and experience; mentioning, however, and accepting, perhaps, the opinions of Quintilian and Ovid, which deserve our attention.

Horace holds a place among the greatest poets of the Latin Age. His poetry reflects the condition of Rome during the great change of a republic into a monarchy; from discontent, quarrels and wars to that peaceful period during which the temple of Janus was again thrown open; we call it the Augustan Age of letters. He who knows his Horace well has a true picture, not only of the city of Rome and the habits, faults and vices of the Roman mind, but also of the country life about Rome.

Horace has left us a standard by which we might judge the true poet:

"Ingenium cui sit, cui mens diviniore, atque os
Magna sonaturum, des nominis hujus honorem."

All these qualities, the power of expression, a true inspiration and a God-like imagination; he possessed in an eminent degree.

Quintilian's estimate of our poet can scarcely be improved:

"At Lyricorum idem Horatius fere solus legi dignus; nam et insurgit aliquando, et plenus est jucunditatis et gratiae et variis figuris et verbis felicissime audax."

And again, in comparing him to a poet of reputation, he says:

"Multum est tersior ac purus magis Horatius et, nisi labor ejus amore, præcipuus."

How Ovid appreciated him is well known:

"Et tenuit nostras numerosus
Horatius aures,
Dum ferit Ausonia carmina culta lyra."

Horace writes equally well odes, epodes, satires and epistles. His first nine odes are experiments in different forms and measures. All his metres are based on Greek models.

The originality of his satires and epistles has never been called in question; but in regard to his odes, the assertion has been made that not only the metres but even the ideas were drawn from Grecian sources. An early critic has said that "if the lyrics of the Greek were extant, many of his thefts might be detected."

There is good reason for believing, however, that a careful study of Horace would show that he was the most original of Roman writers. Is it likely that he would have imitated the Greeks when he mentions this humiliating fact:

"Vos exemplaria Græca
Nocturna versate, manu versate diurna?"

He may have borrowed a few ideas, but the pervading spirit of his works does not betray the plagiarist.

In the Latin language his odes are unsurpassed in grace and artistic execution. Ease, elegance and music of rhythm characterize them. They are occasional pieces. Some are inspired by friendship and moral sentiments; others are love songs. We may conveniently divide them into three classes: the playful and amatory, the moral and philosophical, and the historical and national.

The poet never loses an opportunity of painting the happiness of country life, and the most pleasing odes of the first kind are those in which he sings his Sabine farm; but his "Ode to Mæcenæ," in which he exalts himself, ranks among the most exquisite. He begins in a sportive style. It was his boast to have introduced the lyric measures of the Greeks. Hence, mindful of it, he begins: "I shall be borne through the liquid air on no common, no feeble pinion."

Horace, using the famous metaphor of antiquity, introduced by Aristotle, soars under the image of a swan, and visits the remotest parts of the world. He predicts his immortality, and says that the learned Spaniard, the "potor Rhodani," and even the remote Colchian and Dacian shall know him. His fame has surpassed his expectations.

His love songs are lyric in form but not in spirit. Whether his Lydias or Glyceras were really maidens of flesh and blood, we know not. We cannot but admire him even when he mocks at Lydia, with her beauty decaying and her lovers vanishing. Had he been other than

Horace, we would call it an abuse of his poetic powers:

"Quæ prius multum facilis movebat
Cædines. Audis minus et minus jam:
'Me tuo longas pereunte noctes,
Lydia, dormis?'"

Among his philosophical odes should be mentioned the one entitled "Ad Chorum Virginum et Puerorum." It is clear and polished, and in it is embodied much of the philosophy of Horace. Let me give a synopsis: "For the world I have only contempt; my songs are for the young. Kings are mighty, but Jove is mightier. One man may be richer, another more distinguished than his fellows, but all, rich and poor, exalted and lowly, must die. Anxiety and trouble accompany the rich man wherever he goes. He is sleepless, while the poor man's slumber is sound. If luxuries drive not care away, why should I change my Sabine farm for gilded palaces?" This is a synopsis and nothing more. It gives us an insight into his philosophy, though it does not even suggest the beauty of expression and strength of the poem itself. The underlying sentiments and ideas may be faintly expressed, the ode itself baffles the translator. There are many examples to illustrate this truth. The saying "All are subject to death," or Horace's phrase, "Debemur morti nos nostraque," conveys little meaning; but when he says

"Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas,
Regumque turres,"

our imagination takes fire; a vivid image of the pallid figure at the rich man's door is presented to the mind and remains forever in the memory. Here the ingenuity of the man and the poet's power of expression appear.

His faculty of putting common and familiar ideas into beautiful and poetic language is evident. To imitate the rapid passing of days and months, he makes use of a quick succession of words:

"Truditur dies die
Novæque pergunt interire lumæ."

Horace is rich in national odes. While he sang the praises and celebrated the glories of Augustus, he must have cherished in his heart memories of the lost republic. His "Ad Rem Publicam" seems to show it. It opens with a swift and abrupt movement and a rapid shifting of ideas:

"O navis, referent in mare te novi
Fluctus! O quid agis? Fortiter occupa
Portum! Nonne vides..."

The absence of conjunctions shows that no close connection of ideas was intended.

The religion of Horace may have been vague; but a certain spirit of reverence for the gods pervades his poetry. He believes in the divinities on whom depend the beginning and the end of all things. His faith in them is evident in the ode "Ad Romanos." It is a lamentation over the degradation and immorality of Rome. In solemn, dignified accents he warns her: "Thou shalt suffer, O Rome, till thou hast restored the temples and tottering shrines of the gods."

In reading Horace critically, it is impossible to doubt that he gathered many of his expressions with assiduous toil, or, to use his own comparison, "After the habit and manner of the Matinian bee."

"Ego, apis Matinæ
More modoque.
Grata carpentis thyma per laborem
Plurimum, circa nemus uvidique
Tiburis ripas operosa parvus
Carmina fingo."

The philosophy of Horace cannot but force itself upon our notice. How far did our poet have any settled philosophical convictions? There is no doubt that he sometimes inclines to the Epicureans and then again to the Stoics. He preferred, however, to pluck his wisdom, his philosophy, from the tree of life rather than to take them from the austere systems of his time. He is always a seeker of truth, an inquirer into the realities of life.

Reason guides him in everything. He may have gathered the best of many systems, but the unreasonable he always rejected. It was, for instance, a principle of the Stoics that all offences were equal. In their eyes to destroy a neighbor's cabbage was as great a crime as sacrilege. Horace condemns such doctrine:

"Nec vincet ratio hoc, tantundem ut peccet idemque,
Qui teneros caules alieni fregerit horti,
Et qui nocturnus sacra divum legerit."

His mind was by no means speculative. We gather from his works a rule of life which is a better guide than many of the speculative systems. He was the plain, practical philosopher of common-sense. He is never more eloquent than in his observations on the uncertainty of life and the sure approach of death.

The wisdom of Horace is that of a man of the world. To live in a plain manner rather than in luxurious indulgence which a lapse of a few years will prove to be foolish; to be moderate for the sake of temporal welfare; to practise the golden mean—*modus est rebus*; to estimate all things calmly—*nil admirari*; to enjoy fortune while it lasts, and to bear mis-

fortune with equanimity; in short, to shun all extremes; to make the best of life as we find it—to live well and wisely, is very nearly the sum of his philosophy. The poet's favorite theme is the virtue of moderation. This principle he inculcates everywhere. He has perhaps illustrated this truth best by examples from nature.

The epistles and satires of Horace are deeply philosophical, and they can, and ought to be, studied with advantage; they contain many lessons. We may select anyone at random. For instance, the philosophy of his "Qui fit Mæcenas?" is that discontent and dissatisfaction with our lot in life spring from avarice; that we look with envy on those more fortunate than we are, instead of comparing our condition with that of less favored men.

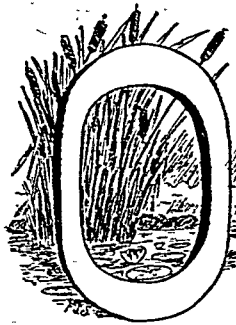
Horace is always a moralist. For the best evidence of his claims as a moral philosopher, as a practical and keen observer, and as a wise interpreter of human nature, we need only have recourse to the countless quotations from his poems which have become universal proverbs. Their common acceptance ought to prove their truth.

Horace teaches by examples. He learned the art from his father, who told him that philosophers might assign reasons; but he was accustomed to consider actual men, to trace back the sad course of their lives to the first wrong step, to lay his finger on vices personified in living personages.

"*Exempla trahunt*" say the teachers of moral philosophy to-day. Horace made a practical application of it. Logicians may reason by abstractions, but the great masses of men must have images and examples, and these Horace gave them.

"Mosses from an Old Manse."

JAMES D. BARRY.



F all Hawthorne's works there is none, in my opinion, which contains more food for thought than his "Mosses from an Old Manse." It appeals to one's sense of honor, truth, and beauty. While it holds up the faults and follies of the times to the gaze of the reader, it likewise affords pleasure from the agreeable pictures it presents to the imagination.

It is humorous, sad, lively and pathetic. There is something in the book which renders it especially dear to the reader; and, be his mood what it may, he always finds a passage here and there which strikes a responsive chord in his heart. Doubtless it is the exposition of virtue contrasted with vice which makes it pleasing at all times.

The book is composed of a number of sketches, the greater number allegorical in character, in some of which are depicted human nature, and in others ideals. But whether the real or the romantic is treated of, the same pure, religious feeling pervades the work, is infused into it, and is given the most important place.

When Hawthorne wrote these sketches he must have put himself apart from the rest of mankind, so unworldly is the spirit that breathes through them. From his height he deigns to look, now and then, upon humanity below, and he cannot fail to see the imperfections of human nature. His imagination soars at times to the sublime, but its highest reach is not enough to render it unsafe. None but he could thus control such a mighty imagination. He could let it roam from realm to realm, from pole to pole, from earth to heaven, and in a moment bring it back again to earth. He could send it to the clouds, to build up a castle there, and fill it with the most curious objects. With it he could reveal to one's admiring eyes a celestial vista, or chill the blood in one's veins with a vision of gloomy Tartarus.

One can hear, in reading his sketches, the cold wind as it whistles through the leaves of New England forests, and catch the fierce screams of the witches as they utter their terrible incantations. One can feel strange spirits moving around him, and hear the horrid fiendish laughter of the slaves of the Prince of Darkness. The smell of brimstone, the screaming of cats, and the heart-rending sighs of the victims of witchcraft fill the imagination.

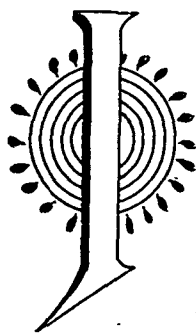
Weird and awful are some of the pictures; cheerful and homelike are others; others, again, are grotesque and yet charming; and all, to my mind, wonderful in imagination. What prettier picture than the "Hall of Fantasy?" What scene more awe-inspiring than the "Procession of Life"? What satire greater than "Earth's Holocaust"? "The Birthmark" and "Rapaccinni's Daughter" are of a scientific character. "A Select Party," "Monsieur du Miroir," the "Christmas Banquet," and the "Intelligence Office" are beautiful sketches,

in which are symbolized the virtues and vices of mankind.

A book, to be worthy of a place in literature, must impress one with the idea that virtue is the best thing in life. It must show the disappointment and disgrace which inevitably befall him who runs a vicious career. Such a book is the "Mosses." Ever honest in its defence of virtue, and straightforward in its antagonism of vice, it deserves careful reading. The "Mosses from an old Manse," then, has that quality which every book should possess—the power of making one better by its perusal.

Stage Mechanism and Stage Mechanics.*

BY EDWARD J. CALLAHAN.



I HAVE chosen Stage Mechanism and Stage Mechanics as the subject of my essay, because I have something approaching a personal knowledge of the "world behind the scenes." Before beginning, however, I might remark, by way of apology, that this paper is not nearly so comprehensive as its title would seem to suggest.

It may appear presumption in me to propose to give information to this society—composed as it is of so many capable and experienced actors—on one of the departments of their profession. In fact, I doubt the wisdom of anyone who would openly avow his intention to teach or instruct in any branch of the art such a learned body of men as compose the Columbian Literary and Dramatic Association.

As the production of plays is one, if not the principal object of our society, I hope that you will at least tolerate the efforts of a humble craftsman to interest, if not to instruct you.

The stage itself—that part which deals with the setting, mounting and actual production of a play—has, since its institution, undergone a revolution as complete and radical as the drama itself. It has witnessed a mighty change from the rustic cart-tail of pre-historic times, when the drama in its infancy was even then a power to move men's hearts—to the splendor and magnificence and mechanical perfection of the modern spectacular stage. But I do not intend to trace its progress from

* A paper read before the Columbian Association.

that first *al fresco* performance to the latest production of Imre Kiralfy's genius; even if this were possible or desirable, it would be outside the scope of this brief paper.

The drama has made wonderful strides toward perfection and has advanced to a degree of consequence never dreamed of by its sponsors. The public taste, turning as it has from the toleration of Venetian scenes on English back-grounds to a love of the magnificent in surroundings, has had for one of its results the elevation of the stage mechanic to the dignity of an artist. His art, besides being the very life and existence of the majority of modern dramas, has contributed not a little to the success of many really great plays and really great players.

It is certain that without this splendid setting and mounting and wonderful manipulation of stage effects, we would have a very different story to tell of several great dramatic triumphs. Henry Irving owes his wonderful success in no small measure to this perfection of accessories and faithful attention to detail. Without attempting in the least to disparage his ability as an actor, he is even greater as a stage manager. He is the very prince of stage mechanics. He has so increased the pictorial possibilities of the modern stage that his productions have come to be recognized as the standard of excellence wherever Shakspeare is known and appreciated.

One cannot but wonder at the importance to which this art has attained in recent years. Who in our day could make a success of *Julius Cæsar*, *Richard III.*, *Macbeth* or *Becket*, stripped of the accessories that make our plays so real? Perhaps this explains why so many manuscripts get no farther than the manager's office. The author conceives the environments of each situation and has them continually before his mind while writing. The manager who consents to read the play cannot possibly have the same adequate conception of these scenic effects, upon which the author has very probably based the action of the whole play. Like the drama itself, the stage has been constantly adding and assimilating new features, new modes and new ideas. The progress of one has of necessity been equal to that of the other.

This department has its traditions, mannerisms and customs as well as the stage proper; they are not so fixed and unyielding, but more susceptible of the improvements of science and invention. The art of the stage carpenter is continually advancing and improving; it has

never witnessed a period of retrogression or even inactivity.

Some of its changes have been rapid, others gradual; the transition from gas to electricity for lighting purposes was as rapid as a current of the latter, while the evolution from the "grove" to the "drop" and "box" systems has taken considerable time. Improvements have been brought about by circumstances, and scenic effects perfected by the continued efforts of many hands rather than by distinct movements or the inventions of individuals.

However, there is one man to whom the stage justly acknowledges its deep indebtedness. To him more than to any other man we owe the appliances and inventions that facilitate the operation and the handling of "stuff!"

Steele Mackaye was a man among men. His was a master mind. He has come among us, lived with us and passed away; but we will not know his value; we will not rightly appreciate his merits until years have passed by, and we are able to understand this genius whom we knew but imperfectly.

His history is an interesting one. Born at Buffalo, he entered Yale, and was graduated therefrom when but twenty years of age—the honor man of his class. After his graduation he went directly to Paris and studied under Delsarte, the celebrated elocutionist and the founder of the Delsarte system of expression, for the purpose of fitting himself for the stage.

Delsarte, at the expiration of ten months, declared him to be the most finished elocutionist he had ever met, and expressed a wish that Mackaye would represent the Delsarte method in America. This young Mackaye did, after playing Hamlet for three months, at the famous Crystal Palace, to the largest audiences that had, up to that time, witnessed any play or stage production, and with unparalleled artistic success.

As a teacher of elocution he commanded fabulous fees, and he was enabled in a short time to realize one of his fondest hopes—the building of a theater after his own ideas—one that would be a model in every respect and worthy of its name. He built both the Madison Square and Lyceum theaters, and they indicate the originality and æstheticism of his ideas in playhouse architecture and decoration.

It was in the former of these that the "elevated stage" was first put into use. Anyone who witnessed the production of "America" at the Auditorium, last summer, will remember the scene where the *Santa Maria* is seen riding

the waves with a motion almost wholly like that of a ship at sea. This was produced by means of the elevated stage. It is called "elevated," but I should not call it such, as it is not a double stage.

A section of the floor, in this instance thirty by twelve feet, rests on two immense upright hydraulic pillars. The pistons in these pillars, or hydraulic presses, are controlled by means of two levers, one for each press, easily operated by one man. As the motion of the shafts may be alternately upward and downward, or one stationary and one active, this see-saw movement is made possible. There may be any number of such sections, and they may be of any size desired. This is but one of Steele Mackaye's ideas, and, without doubt, had his Spectatorium become an actuality we would have witnessed the acme of artistic stage effects.

Mackaye was a man of profound thought and earnest study; yet he combined original and startling theories with thorough practicality. Versatility was the keynote to his character; he was an author, manager and inventor, and as an actor he was almost as great. He wrote several plays, among which *Money-Mad*, *Paul Kavar* and *Hazel Kirke* are the most remarkable. The last, although written many years ago, still holds the stage.

And now a few words about the men who handle the "stuff." Stage hands, or scene-shifters as laymen call them, are known to members of their craft as "grips." Like all workmen, they have a labor organization of their own for mutual protection and benefit. This society is known as the Theatrical Mechanics' Association, and its offices are in Boston.

The requirements for entrance are: that the applicant be of age, and that he work at no other trade or profession—that is he must make his livelihood as a stage mechanic, and as a stage mechanic only. The clause prohibiting minors was strenuously objected to when introduced, as it prevented many competent and first-class mechanics from enjoying the benefits of the union. The outcome of this objection was an addition or sub-division of the association, known as the Junior Order of Theatrical Mechanics. I have the honor of being a member of this latter organization, having served in the respected and classic occupation of "flyman."

The first man on the stage is the carpenter; and within his province his power is absolute,

except in extreme cases when appeal is taken to the "front of the house." In order to obtain perfect facility and clock-like regularity in the operation of scenery—such as "trick" scenery or "heavy stuff"; it is imperative that there be a perfect understanding between the head and his subordinates.

The second man in the order of importance is the electrician; but it is only recently that the "light man" has come to be considered a person of any consequence. One experiences a feeling of satisfaction when reflecting upon the interesting career of the humble "gas man." After the many trials he has undergone, it is but a just recognition of his worth that his patience should at length be rewarded with a position of honor and remuneration, his salary exceeding, in many instances, that of the carpenter himself.

Those who have seen the work performed, but are not in a position to know, frequently ask how it is possible for the "house" staff to operate the scenery of a "one night" company with which they are unfamiliar. Here is where that wonderful understanding between the carpenter and the men to which I have just alluded, comes into play. It is done by means of a "plot," which is a diagram of the stage, and "flies"—all stages are constructed alike—together with other miscellaneous information descriptive of the company's scenery, and calculated to aid the carpenter in "clearing" the "house stuff" to make space for the company's, and in arranging, even before the scenery has arrived, the work of each "grip."

The vocabulary of the stage is rich in unique and interesting terms and expressions; surpassing in force and picturesqueness the slang of the turf. An animated discussion upon the relative epicurean merits of minister-fry or minister-stew, between two Fiji Islanders would be far more intelligible to the uninitiated than an official conversation between two "grips."

As the true knowledge is disciplined and tested knowledge, not the first thought that comes, so the true passion is disciplined and tested passion. The first that come are the vain, the false, the treacherous; if you yield to them they will lead you wildly and far, till you have no true purpose and no true passion left. Not that any feeling possible to humanity is in itself wrong, but only wrong when undisciplined.—*Ruskin*.

Trifles Light as Air.

MUSIC.

Ten thousand suns on time's undaunted crest
Have shone, since forth from God's immortal sphere,
By angel choirs, in cadence sweetly clear,
Was ushered music, at the Lord's behest.
O Muse sublime, of ev'ry clime the guest,
Thy joyous notes are benedictions dear
To ev'ry heart; for songs of hope and cheer
Are wrapt within thy pleasure-jewelled breast!

From out that lovely shrine flow strains that thrill
The souls of men; while lays divinely sweet
Recall fond memories of other days.
All ages, nations, races, thou dost fill
With thoughts that, ever upward soaring, greet
The truth, and call our minds to saintly ways.

P. W.

BALLADE OF TIME.

In hours of mingled grief and glee
The flying minutes pass away,
Like leaflets on a growing tree
That fall to earth and there decay:
The withered branches always sway,
The tiny leaves again may grow,
But Time his flight will not delay;
O where do fleeting moments go?

As zephyrs blowing o'er the lea,
Gentle and silent, when the day
Has left us, so the minutes flee;
Nor do they linger as the ray
Of fading sunshine that will stay
And fringe the clouds with golden glow,
But swiftly speed along their way:
O where do fleeting moments go?

The rain-drops fall into the sea
And vanish; but we cannot say
They've left us for eternity;
For, when the billows madly play,
The sun draws up the misty spray,
And rain-drops fall once more below.
Yet, Time will ne'er re-sing his lay;—
O where do fleeting moments go?

ENVOY.

Dear comrades, Time will ne'er betray
His secrets;—but the ebb and flow
Of passing years goes on for aye.
O where do fleeting moments go?

E. J. M.

A MODERN INSTANCE.

I sat in a parlor chair,
'Twas eleven fifty-five;
Her father's step was on the stair,
And she said to me, "Oh, Clive!"

The 'bated question was on my tongue,
("Would that I could utter," etc.) "She'd meet
Me in the lane," she said. For a moment hung
The balance—a noise—a scuffle—and I—
Was in the street.

F. T.

A New Bull Run.*

If in some future age people then occupying that portion of the earth near South Lyons, now circumscribed by a high board fence and known as Job Jackson's two-acre lot, should, in dredging or excavating in its soil, come upon the skeleton of a four-footed beast of goodly size, the chances are that it will find an honored place in some scientific institution of that coming time, and call for wise and profound theories by future savants on what manner of beast it might have been; for it is not likely that the story of Job Jackson's bull will be handed down so far as that into posterity.

It was only a week or two ago that Job Jackson bought that bull—a big, full-chested Durham bull. The bull came well recommended as to evenness of temper and tractability, and cost \$150. The former owner of the bull was doubtless sincere and honest in the character he gave the beast, but he had probably never tested the compatibility of its temper with the prevalence of red wagons on his farm. Farmer Jackson turned the bull into his barnyard and went out every day to look at him over the fence and feel pleased with him and with himself for buying him.

If there was anything on the farm that Job Jackson prided himself on more than he did on the bull it was his flaming red democrat wagon. The bull had been on the farm a week before he knew that there was a wagon of such sanguinary hue close neighbor to him, for the farmer had housed it in a shed on account of the snow. The other day, the snow having disappeared, Farmer Jackson hooked his team to the red wagon and started for town. He drove out of the shed to the road, and then for the first time the bull was confronted by the wagon, as it rumbled by with the full glare of the sun on its belligerent glory. The bull took this as a challenge and accepted it. With a bellow that startled the horses and shook Farmer Jackson where he sat, the bull charged toward the road. There was a stout board fence between him and the road, but the bull went through it as if it had been a pasteboard fence, and bore down with increased impetuosity upon the wagon and its hated hue.

Farmer Jackson did not permit his amazement at this sudden outbreak of bull temper and of bull to subordinate his prudence, and he

* From the New York Sun.

whipped his horses to a run, thinking to distance the bull and prevent possible unpleasantness. He might have succeeded in this if the road had not turned sharply to the right beyond the barnyard. On making the turn the wagon was brought broadside to the bull, and, taking a short cut toward it, the bellowing animal reached it and struck it amidships. The shock careened the wagon and tumbled Farmer Jackson out into the ditch on the other side. The unchecked horses dashed on down the road, and the flashing of the red wagon behind them was taken by the bull as further defiance, and he tore madly along in its wake. Farmer Jackson arose from the ditch unhurt, and gazed with bulging eyes at the rapidly receding procession of runaway team, swaying, bumping red wagon and furious bull. His hired man, who came hurriedly upon the scene just then, says that his employer's feelings were such that his vocabulary seemed inadequate to express just what they were, and all he could find it in him to say was: "Well, goll dum it!"

Then Farmer Jackson and his hired man started on the trail of the departing farm stock, animate and inanimate. At intervals they met sundry and various persons of both sexes coming out of the fields and over fences back into the road, which they did not hesitate to say they had quitted in order that Farmer Jackson's cattle might have more room for their test of speed. In the testimony of these persons regarding the aspect that affairs had presented, as the horses, the red wagon and the bull passed that way, the preponderance of evidence was that the procession could not then be less than three miles ahead and still going, if wind and limb were still intact. Subsequent facts did not substantiate this testimony, for when Farmer Jackson and his man had travelled a mile in the wake of the pursued and pursuing live stock, they saw something coming toward them a quarter of a mile away. As it drew nearer, on a trot, Farmer Jackson recognized in it the bull that had suddenly put so much life into the agricultural interests of that locality. The bull came along with a self-satisfied air that filled the farmer's mind with dire apprehension.

"That skeezicks," he said, "has butted and stomped my red wagon into kindlin' wood, as sure as rooty-bagies, an' tore them hosses into shoe-strings, I'll bet a cooky! Maybe I won't lambaste the pesky critter when he gits here!"

There is no doubt that Farmer Jackson honestly thought that he would lambaste the

critter, but he wasn't yet entirely posted on all of the bull's points. When the beast got within a few rods of the farmer and his hired man he stopped, gazed at them for a moment, snorted, shook his head, lowered it, and then rushed toward them with as much vim, vigor and fury as he had displayed when he charged on the red wagon from the barnyard. Now, Farmer Jackson's farm covers a good deal of ground, and he and his hired man were even then opposite a part of it that is known as Job Jackson's two-acre lot. The peculiarity of this lot is a bed of quicksand about twenty feet square, near the middle of the field, around which a substantial fence had always been maintained to prevent cattle from getting into the treacherous bog. When the bull came down the road on the double quick, bent on wiping the farmer and his man out of his path, both of these individuals made for the two-acre lot, got over the fence, and started across the lot for the woods on the other side. The bull followed. The two-acre lot fence was no more a barrier to his advance than the barnyard fence had been, and he went through it with equal ease.

Owing to the quicksand enclosure in the lot, Farmer Jackson and his man had to take a rather circuitous course to reach the vantage ground they were heading for. The bull, probably having found fences of such little account in his way that it was a pleasure to him to pop through them, took the short cut across the lot to head the men off, which brought the fence around the quicksand right in his path. He struck the fence on one side, and down it went with a crash. Over its ruins leaped the bull, straight upon the unstable spot it had guarded. Instantly he was up to his belly in the treacherous mire, to which no bottom had ever yet been found. Farmer Jackson and his man saw the catastrophe. They knew the bull was harmless then, and hurried back to the spot. The bull was floundering helplessly in the fathomless sand or mire, and it was out of the power of the men to help him. He sank rapidly in the pit, and soon disappeared beneath the surface, which closed over the poor brute, until the surface lay again as smooth as if it had never been disturbed. The awful fate of the savage animal did not soften the farmer towards him, for he had in his mind the supposed fate of his team and wagon.

"Dodswaddle him!" the hired man declares that Farmer Jackson said: "I don't know how fur down that bull will git; but if I ever hear

that there's a bull chasin' red wagons in Chiny, I'll know it's him!"

Farmer Jackson and his man went back to the road in time to meet Neighbor Smith with the runaway team. The red wagon wasn't there. Neighbor Smith said that it was strung pretty much all along the road from there down as far as his farm, a mile further on. The team had banged and kicked it to pieces, and when its flamboyant proportions no longer challenged the ire of the bull he had evidently turned from the chase, satisfied only to take up the one that brought him to his tragic end.

Books and Periodicals.

THE AMATEUR TELESCOPIST'S HANDBOOK. By Frank M. Gibson, Ph. D., LL. B. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

This work begins with some explanations relating to the use and care of telescopes. It is exceedingly practical for those who wish to commence the study of astronomy. The author devotes one chapter to observations of stars, nebulae, the sun and moon, and suggests a very ingenious method of studying the sun by throwing its image upon a sheet of clean, white paper. Another chapter is on observations of the planets, and some facts are explained here that are worth remembering when observing these bodies. The most noteworthy portion of this book is a descriptive list giving the right ascension, and declination of about five hundred double-stars, also their distance apart, and position with reference to bright stars.

The general plan of the work is to give a brief description of celestial objects. Some of these descriptions are quite novel and will be of great assistance to those who hope to study astronomy for the pleasure there is in it. The book is of convenient form and size for pocket use.

—We have received from the Russell Art Company of 928 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Part First of their *Art Series*. Each part contains seventeen reproductions—one in color—of the great pictures of the world. Spiridon's water-color, "Cupid Guides the Boat," is the colored plate in Part First. It is beautifully done. Some of the half-tones are models of artistic skill. Max Vækhart's "Young Motherhood," Defregger's "Saying Grace," and Gustav Richter's famous portrait of Queen Louise are perhaps the best of the plates; though Erdmann's "The Petition," and Beuczur's "Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette" are also very well rendered.

—A modest little hand book that will be welcome to every lover of Tennyson is Professor Rowe's annotated edition of "The Coming of Arthur" and "The Passing of Arthur." The first or General Introduction is in reality a compact and thoughtful essay on the music, the meaning and the versification of the dead laureate's poetry. The Second Introduction deals only with the "Idyls," and more particularly with the two given above. Mr. Rowe declares that the "Idyls" is not merely an allegory, and lays particular stress upon their beauty and strength as simple narratives, but he works out the hidden meaning of the poems as carefully as though it were the only merit which the "Idyls" have. His notes are especially helpful and interesting; while the Index to them is an idea more than worthy of imitation. On the whole, we cannot be too grateful to him for his little book. McMillan & Co., New York, are the publishers.

—*Scribner's Magazine* for May opens with an article of unusual importance, entitled "Some Episodes of Mountaineering," by Edwin Lord Weeks, describing some of his own stirring adventures, while mountain-climbing in the Alps, with illustrations furnished by the same hand. The author and artist is equally skilful as a picturesque writer and as an artist of rare ability, both in landscape and figure work. He has in this article given a reality to Alpine mountain-climbing that no previous popular article has given. Captain John G. Bourke, U. S. A., the Indian fighter, has written the story of one of the most romantic regions in our country—the Mexican border along the Rio Grande. Under the title "The American Congo," he tells of the strange types of people, the raiders and marauders, the unique life on the ranches. The illustrations are from drawings recently made in that region by Gilbert Gaul, who made the trip expressly for *Scribner's Magazine*. Clara Sidney Davidge has written an article on "Working Girls' Clubs." Paul Leicester Ford contributes a short article on "A New Portrait of Franklin" which (differing from all other portraits) reveals more of the humorous side of his nature than the shrewd and philosophic. Other illustrated articles in the number are "The Provincials," by Octave Thanet (one of her *Sketches of American Types*), with illustrations by Frost; "Climbing for White Goats," a narrative of hunting adventures in the Rocky Mountains, by George Bird Grinnell, with pictures by Ernest E. Thompson, and Philip Gilbert Hamerton's brief article on Jules Muenier, whose painting, "A Corner in a Market," serves as a frontispiece for the number. The fiction includes one of Edith Wharton's most effective short stories, "That Good May Come," and instalments of the serials by George W. Cable and William Henry Bishop. F. J. Stimson writes a brief essay on "The Ethics of Democracy" with particular application to liberty.

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—An important addition has been made to the Geological Museum through the kindness of Mr. John H. Foote, of Chicago. It embraces curious specimens from many of our Western States, and represents the labor of years spent in their collection. The Geological department of Notre Dame is one of the most fully equipped of its kind, and the specimens arranged and assorted by the students form a very interesting portion of the exhibit in Science Hall.

—An organization known as the "Priests' Eucharistic League," whose object is the furthering of devotion to the Blessed Sacrament, will hold a convention next August at Notre Dame. The society is composed of American prelates and priests who have arranged this conference with the hope that it may result in a Eucharistic Congress in 1895. The Most Rev. Archbishop of Cincinnati will celebrate Pontifical High Mass on the first day of the meeting, and the sermon will be preached by the Right Rev. Bishop of Covington. On the following day a Pontifical Mass of Requiem will be sung by the Right Rev. Bishop of Fort Wayne. Notre Dame extends a cordial welcome to the convention.

—Within the coming month there will be held in New York city an exhibition of the work done in the parochial schools of the archdiocese of New York. The exhibit will be a practical demonstration that Catholic educational institutions are not only keeping pace with the progress of the public schools, but are in many respects far ahead of them. Commenting upon the exhibition, the New York *Sun* says:

"The Roman Catholic Church in New York is one of the city's powerful conservative forces; and no good citizen, whether he be Protestant, Jew, or infidel, ought to desire to see its influence weakened. It is arrayed against the pestiferous social agitation which seeks to disrupt society and demolish all its safeguards. So long, certainly, as it carries on its work of educating the young at its own cost, no one has any ground of complaint against its system of parochial schools; and the practical proofs of the usefulness of that training which the coming exhibition will afford should bring satisfaction to the whole people."

—We have always known that Lord Tennyson had a special liking for the sciences—"Locksley Hall" shows their influence very plainly; but the knowledge that his scientific contemporaries, Tyndall, Huxley, Spencer and the rest, had a similar affection for poetry comes in the nature of revelation. Yet we have Mr. Spencer's own testimony to the fact; and Mr. Spencer is very credible when his facts are not "scientific," and he has no particular point to prove. He tells us that one day in June, in the year eighteen hundred and something, Tyndall, Huxley, himself and three others repaired with their wives and sundry well-filled hampers to Windsor Forest and there actually indulged in a picnic!

'Fancy a half-dozen scientists and another half-dozen of scientists' better halves taking a day off and having a time like so many children! And they did not talk shop—as scientists too often do—but emancipated themselves entirely from the dominion of atoms and molecules; and as a sort of a "mental relaxation," read aloud Tennyson's "Enone" and Mrs. Browning's "Lady Geraldine." As a picnic it was unique; as a proof that a man of science can forget for a few moments, and under great provocation, that such things as matter and microbes exist, it is conclusive.

The American Academy.

THE Hon. Mr. Black of Illinois aspires to be the Cardinal Richelieu of American literature. He thinks that what the country needs just now is, not Free Silver or Tariff Reform, but an American Academy. His bill provides for a committee of six—three senators, three representatives—which shall select five eminent authors, scientists and artists as the nucleus of the new body. These five, when they have assumed the robes of office and all that, are to elect twenty others, bringing the whole number of "Immortals" up to twenty-five, who are to have, not the supreme control in matters literary which is exercised by the *Academie Française*, but the privileges of the Congressional library—whatever they are—and the additional ones of delivering free lectures and criticising the English, or rather "United States," current in the Senate and the House.

The privileges of the Congressional library are, no doubt, very great—Mr. Black seems to know their true value—but that last clause about free lectures and congressional literature will make even the most reckless candidate for immortality hesitate. And then those six senators and representatives! Congressional committees are, at best, uncertain; and we have no guarantee that some of the members who objected to the Columbian medal design because Mr. St. Gaudens' young man "didn't wear pants," may be appointed to choose between Mr. Crawford and Mr. Gunther, between Mr. Howells and Mark Twain.

If we cannot depend on our statesmen to do it how will our Academicians be elected? Mr. Black puts unlimited confidence in his colleagues; but we—well, we have been disappointed too often before. And to elect them by popular vote would be hardly more satisfactory. Men whose only books are the newspapers would vote for the first man suggested. Why not utilize the coupon system that is so popular at present? Let the Government buy up the copyrights of all the more popular works, make a new dollar edition of each, with an official coupon on every title page, then flood the market with them, and let the partisans of the romantic and the realistic schools fight the battle out with coupons instead of "cuss words." It would be very amusing to the non-combatants and our cousins across the water; and the Treasury deficit would haunt poor Mr. Carlisle no more. Perhaps, too, the first copy of each book, like

the Columbian half-dollar, would be especially desired by some bicycle or patent-wall plaster company, able and willing to pay for it. Think, too, of the amount that could be realized from the advertisements in each volume. And then when the excitement had died out and the coupons had all been used up, the man who likes Howells could trade one of his "Modern Instances" for one of his neighbor's "Saracinescas," and so libraries would be formed and the cause of education advanced. Verily, Mr. Black's bill opens up a vista of splendid possibilities that is almost endless! Let us by all means have an Academy, but one elected by the patent "Clip-here-and-mail-to-the-Treasury" method; an Academy elected by earnest, responsible, literature-loving American citizens who are not afraid to back their opinions, even in literary matters, with one dollar silver certificates.

D. V. C.

Two Books of Merit.

—Notwithstanding the hard times during the past year, especially for publishers, Father Zahm's latest work, "Catholic Science and Catholic Scientists," has already gone into a second edition. The first, which appeared less than a year ago, was a large one; but so great has been the demand for it that the publishers found it necessary to get out another edition equally large.

The American press has been unanimous in its praise of the work. It has been pronounced "timely," "powerful and convincing," "a marvel of condensation," and a book having "a real mission in the world."

But complimentary as have been the reviews of it in this country, it has met with even more generous recognition in Europe. It is now being done into French, Italian and Spanish, and a translation has been called for in German also. During one week the author received no fewer than five different requests from as many different persons for permission to translate the book into various European tongues.

—Messrs. McClurg & Company have issued a new and special edition of Maurice Francis Egan's "Songs and Sonnets." The binding is the delicate white, green and gold that was so much sought after a year ago. It would be worse than useless to try to say anything new about the lyrics and ballads; they are too well

known to our readers to need any comment, and the sonnets are acknowledged great in a land of sonnets. At present many of our American Catholic authors are all too fond of jingling, artificial rhymes and metres, more suitable to second-class love songs than to devotional poetry. All the more reason, then, have Catholics to thank Mr. Egan for "Resurrexit," "After Lent," "The Heart," and a dozen other sonnet-moulded prayers. Not that he cannot write love songs if he choose: "Like a Lilac" and "Apple Blossoms" are full of music and motion and feeling; but of all the lyrics "The Old Violin" is the most exquisite. Mr. Egan's sonnets are incomparably his finest work: "Theocritus," "Maurice de Guérin" and "Fra Angelico" are peerless even in America. It is a curious thing, though, that the poem that received the most attention from non-Catholic reviewers is "The Country Priest's Week." All unite in praising it; many notice it at length.

It would be interesting, if space did not forbid, to compare a few of the many notices the book received upon its appearance a year ago. The critic of the New York *Sun* came nearer to catching the true spirit of the poems than did any of his fellows. He calls them "Poems of reverent feeling, deftly and sensitively executed. No reader," he continues, "can doubt that they have actual emotions behind them. . . . But the earnestness of the poems is, perhaps, their chief quality. They are poems of belief, and the strength and persuasion of belief is in them."

Exchanges.

Those excrements of wit, puns, receive the treatment they deserve at the hands of a writer in the current number of the *University Monthly*. He thinks they're bad, mischievous, imps that oftentimes fail to tickle us into risibility and harrow our souls and make us think strong terms. Now no one can have objection to an occasional good juggling with words; but, oh! the constant, unskillful prestidigitation of English that is going on about us every day makes us sigh for Volapük.

"The Message and the Man" in *Acta Victoriana* is an attempt to answer the question, has the pulpit lost its power? The writer is alarmed lest papers and magazines will supplant the preacher if he does not adapt himself to the

thought and life of the time. In fact he is afraid that preachers do not accommodate their discourses to present issues. How grievously he is in error, poor man! Some one should place before him a few of our daily papers; the reports of sermons therein contained would astonish him. Preachers in non-Catholic pulpits talk about all sorts of things now: they descant on woman suffrage and dress reform; on the trolley system, and the clever way John Cooper made his money; on grade crossings and Chinese exclusion; and on all subjects that touch the purse or affect popular prejudice. Yes, this is an age when the gospel of things temporal is found more interesting than the Gospel which Christ came to announce.

The talent for grinding out verse by the yard is not fully appreciated by editors. They don't seem to recognize a genius that is second only to the skill of the wall-paper or carpet manufacturer. If they would only stop to consider the immense trouble their contributors find in hunting for rhymes they'd be more chary of consigning labored inspirations to the wastebasket. There is one editor in this wide world however, who is the incarnation of charity in this respect. He of the *Dickinson Liberal* affords space for a column and a half of gems like the following:

"On the grass where tiny rootlets chant their pensive melodies."

There is still hope for the poet with the long breath.

The college paper should be the last of all journals to adopt party politics. It is hardly possible that all the students, coming as they do from different sections of the country, have one political leaning, and therefore the editors can ill afford to antagonize even the minority by the publication of articles teeming with gross flattery for one political faction and undue vituperation for its rival. Let the college paper assume a neutral position. It may be a good feature to present occasionally a calm review of the history of Republicanism and Democracy, and a discussion of certain portions of their platforms. Young men must make a study of vital issues now being debated if they desire to become efficient citizens; and to our thinking there is no better way to adopt a political creed than by a critical analysis and comparison of what is best calculated to promote public good as proposed by the different political parties. If the student put his views

into writing, so much the better. Now we might be called a capital mugwump; for although we have not neglected to keep pace with what the Senatorial Fathers are squabbling about in Washington, we respectfully decline as yet to wave the bloody shirt or to prod a chanticleer, and certainly the discourse with a Fourth-of-July flavor on the merits of the Republican party in the last number of the *Abbey Student* will not tend to change our views. If the Democrats were as bad as the verdant factionary who penned the article would have us believe they would have disgusted the public mind long since. No doubt the Republican party is on the tidal wave which will land it in Washington in '98; for how could it be otherwise when assisted by the recent labor troubles, the A. P. A. and the *Abbey Student*.

Athletics.

It seems that we were in the wrong last week in advocating sliding to base in any other manner than that now in vogue—sliding head first in imminent danger of dislocating shoulders. The knowing ones in this locality desire to see necks broken and to shed vain tears over empty sleeves; but the more humane would wish to see the men slide to base head first in a way that would not endanger their bones.

Well, we have met the enemy and they are ours. Elkhart went down before us, but then that was to be expected; the team are men who are at work all the week and have very little time for practice, whilst we have been in training for the past three weeks. The game bore out our remarks on sliding to base. The Varsity men clung to first in desperation after two of their number had run quietly to second and invited the baseman to touch them. This lost us several runs. We were not so bad at the stick, though nothing remarkable characterized our batting. Callahan, by all odds, did the honors for us in that line. If he could be induced to shake himself in the field, nothing more could be desired of him. Flannigan played his position in first-class style; he is a model captain and has gained the respect and confidence of his men; they work well with him. Burns played his position very poorly at second. However, he has done better in practice during the past few days; by steady work he will keep pace with the others. Chassaing does well at

short; he has off days occasionally. McCarrick seems nervous at third and fumbles balls at critical points. But, then, there is no doubt of him. The fielders had very little chance to show their ability. O'Neill will make a capital left-fielder, and then he is a good runner. McKee did well in practice; he is apt to become rattled if he makes an error, and is tempted to play poorly the rest of the game. His good sense will soon teach him the folly of this course. Schmidt catches well, though he is in constant danger of being retired with a sprained ankle by his silly jumping about. Encase him in a straight jacket, and he will be able to keep the mask on. Stack's pitching was excellent; if he had had more practice he would have been in the best of trim.

The following are the fielding and batting averages of the candidates for the Varsity team during the month of April as shown by the score book:

FIELDING.

	C.	E.	G.	AV.
Flynn,	18	1	7	.945
Dinkle,	21	2	7	.905
Flannigan,	124	11	8	.903
Maynes,	15	2	6	.867
Gibson	21	3	5	.858
Bauer,	41	6	5	.854
Cullen,	41	6	5	.854
Campbell,	6	1	4	.834
Schmidt,	53	9	5	.831
Burns,	44	8	7	.819
McCarrick	62	12	8	.808
McKee,	15	3	6	.800
Chassaing,	47	10	8	.788
Stack,	22	5	6	.771
Sweet,	73	8	7	.754
St. Clair,	16	4	3	.750
O'Neill,	15	4	8	.741
Thorn,	22	5	2	.733
Krembs,	41	7	7	.732
Clark,	28	8	7	.715
Gibson, L.	6	4	1	.600
Covert	14	6	5	.572
Callahan	35	10	8	.715

BATTING.

	A.B.	I.B.	AV.
Gibson, L.	4	2	.500
Stack,	27	12	.445
Callahan,	25	13	.372
Covert,	22	7	.319
Schmidt,	18	5	.278
Chassaing,	30	8	.267
Bauer,	20	5	.250
Burns,	33	7	.213
McKee,	24	5	.209
Campbell,	16	3	.188
Cullen,	22	4	.182
O'Neill,	36	6	.167
Flannigan,	36	6	.167
McCarrick,	37	6	.163
Flynn,	31	5	.162
Sweet,	25	4	.160
Dinkel,	31	4	.130
Clark,	31	4	.130
Gibson, N.	15	1	.067
Maynes,	19	1	.053
Thorn,	10	0	.000
St. Clair,	11	0	.000

Communication.

EDITOR SCHOLASTIC:

Your paper was plainly in error in announcing an open-air concert by the Band for last Sunday evening. The knights of drums and horns didn't appear, though the evening was an ideal one, and a concert would have proved enjoyable after the excitement of the afternoon. There is no reason why the Band should not have been out on the lawn; they have surely been practising long enough. Why cannot they devote more time to open-air concerts on the lawn and less to perambulations around the lake and through the country where no one hears them but the birds. It is high time for us to see and hear more of our Band.

ONE WHO LOVES MUSIC.

Personals.

—Joseph Smith (student), '91, is a clerk in his father's hotel at Watertown, Wis.

—John Belinck (student), '90, a crayon artist with a reputation, paid us a visit on Sunday last.

—John and James Healey (students), '76, are prominent in business and political circles in Chicago.

—Wm. Boland (Com'l), '90, is the assistant cashier in the Irish-American Bank at Minneapolis, Minn.

—J. Sylvester Hummer (B. L., LL. B.), '91, is the chief clerk in the law office of ex-Judge Prendergast in Chicago. Syl. is a hard worker and is bound to succeed.

—Frank M. and Jacob J. Hoffman (Com'l), '93, were among the visitors who came with the Elkhart baseball nine the early part of this week. They have excellent positions with a wholesale company at Elkhart, Ind.

—Patrick Joyce (Com'l), '77, was elected councilman from the seventh ward in South Bend on Tuesday last. Mr. Joyce has our hearty congratulations. Despite the general apathy of the Democratic party, he was accorded a handsome majority.

Local Items.

—Field-day is approaching.

—What has become of the campus quartette? Let us hear more of them!

—FOUND—A fountain pen. Owner may call for same at Students' Office.

—The Carrolls have started a training class. Prof. Beyer has charge of it.

—Private Dixon, of Company "B," won the drill for the medal on the 29th ult.

—Last Sunday the departments took the first walk of the season. All report a pleasant time.

—Friday the Catholic students went to Holy Communion in a body in honor of the Sacred Heart.

—The Carrolls have caught enough turtles during the past week to make turtle soup for "Kelly's army."

—The second nines met last Sunday morning and selected W. Grady to succeed Geo. Steinhause as captain.

—The regular games for the 29th ult. on the Carroll campus were not played on account of the Notre Dame-Elkhart contest.

—To-day (Saturday) the Varsity team plays Albion. Our early going to press obliges us to postpone the report till our next issue.

—A large list of prizes has been offered for the Carroll Field sports. Among them are two very pretty medals for the bicycle and running races.

—Mr. R. Connable of the Connable Fish Co., Chicago, has donated a medal for Field-day. It is a beauty; who will take it? Are you in training for it?

—The colts are forging to the front. Our local Willie Anson has been pushing them very hard during the past week, and they will no doubt come out on top.

—On Tuesday, the Feast of St. James, the University Band serenaded our Vice-President, the Rev. J. J. French, in the rotunda of the University. The music was excellent.

—The Carrolls and Minims will hold their Field-day exercises on the 24th inst. this year. Competition promises to be close in some of the events. There is no time to lose, as "practice makes perfect."

—The exercises of devotion for the month of May were begun last Monday evening. Judging from the ardor with which the boys entered upon these devotions we should say that Notre Dame will receive great spiritual favors.

—There was a meeting of the Boat Club last Sunday for the purpose of electing officers. The following were chosen: Commodore, Edward M. Roby; the two captains for the six-oared boats, George Perkins, and James McVean. The captains of the four-oared boats are John Dempsey and J. J. Feeney.

—Yes, James went fishing. Fisherman's luck is proverbial, and James found that the Fates were not disposed to make an exception in his case. He started out with as much *éclat* as Randall's veterans, and those who saw him returning, about forty minutes later, say that James took, positively, the first swim of the season.

—The Seniors of the Law Class have begun taking two additional lectures a day: one on

Negotiable Instruments and Commercial Paper, the other on Criminal Law. The other lectures given during the day are on Domestic Relations and Torts. These, in addition to an hour devoted to a quiz of illustrative cases on Domestic Relations and Blackstone, constitute the day's work.

—The Archconfraternity of the Immaculate Conception held an election of officers last Tuesday morning. Branch No. 1 chose the following: President, E. V. Chassaing; Treasurer, Eustace Cullinan; Secretary, F. Kennedy; Standard-Bearer, Frank D. Hennessy. Branch No. 2: President, J. J. Feeney; Vice-President, W. Byrne; Treasurer, P. Harding; Secretary, F. Barton; Standard-Bearer, Timothy D. Smith.

—On the 3d inst. the fifth game of the series was played by the Carroll Specials and St. Joseph's Hall. This time it was a *Waterloo* for the Carrolls, who quit the game in the fifth inning completely discouraged. The series now stands 4 to 1 in favor of St. Joseph's Hall. Following is the

SCORE BY INNINGS:—	1	2	3	4	5
ST. JOSEPH'S HALL:—	3	2	1	0	5=11
CAROLL HALL:—	0	0	3	0	0=3

—The book is now open for entries for Field-day. However, there does not seem to be any great anxiety manifested on the part of the athletes to enter. More enthusiasm should be shown, else there will be no Field-day. The prizes are more numerous and more valuable this year than heretofore, and will justify the exertions of the best athletes in the University. There are many prizes, and there should be many entries, and this is the time to begin training in order to insure a successful Field-day.

—Very few have entered their names as yet for the Oratorical Contest. There should be more activity on the part of those who intend to enter. It will not do to play the "dark horse" until the last moment. Hand in your names at once to the Rev. Vice-President, O ye sons of Cicero and Demosthenes! Seriously, the authorities are anxiously desirous to hear from those who have been spreading the report that they intend to enter the race, and who have thus far not complied with the regulations governing entries. Come to the fore, boys.

—The Irish National Museum—a collection of objects to perpetuate the memory of the Irish race in America and established at Notre Dame—has lately been enriched by numerous interesting mementoes of the late P. S. Gilmore, the celebrated band-master. These include two excellent photographs of the deceased, with his autograph, his baton, the "American National Anthem" composed by himself at the request of Gen. Butler, several scores of music written by his own hand, and programmes of entertainments given by him. They were secured through the kindness of Prof. Geo. E. Clarke.

—Herr Most, Jr.—as known to his familiars, *das Kind*—has suspended operations at the nitro-glycerine and gas plant and is developing a passion for natural history, especially for the chapter on amphibians. But text-book knowledge is not what *das Kind* wants. So he sallied forth last Thursday in his own tennis suit and his neighbor's rubber boots, and bagged in the course of a couple of hours four or five dozen frogs! These he is now engaged in studying. "Yes," he told the SCHOLASTIC, "it does make my room a little messy, but then when you've got fifty-seven frogs to study it's lots more exciting than when you've got a half-dozen.

—THE ENGLISH MEDAL.—We again print the list of subjects of essays in competition for the English Medal. The essays are to be type-written and must be handed in by May 30. The range of subjects is wide, as the following list will show: (1) "The Cause of the Popularity of *Ik Marvel*." (2) "Home and the Poets." (3) "Why Thackeray's Characters Will Live." (4) "St. Philip de Neri." (5) "Letter-Writing as an Art." (6) "Literary Pretences." (7) "An American Aristocracy." (8) "Pathos in Literature." (9) "Coventry Patmore." (10) "Ruskin in American Literature." (11) "The Effect of the Battle of Gettysburg." (12) "Literature and Modern Science." (13) "The University Student and Journalism."

—The "Tired Athletes" of Sorin Hall met the Minims first nine at close range on Thursday afternoon, and were most unceremoniously "gobbled" by the youngsters. The game was immensely amusing both to the spectators and the "Tired" people themselves. It was evident from the start that the Minims had bribed or intimidated one of the umpires, and they expected an easy victory. At the end of the sixth inning the rain put a stop to the massacre, and the Minims won by a score of 12 to 6. The little lads played a smooth and steady game, and everyone did so well that no one distinguished himself. Of the "Athletes"—they call themselves the "Dying Gladiators" now—Mitchell, Powers, Sinnott, and a few others, established their reputations as twirlers, and Flannery and Crawley officiated behind the bat. This is only the first of a series. The "Gladiators" are in for vengeance, the Minims for victory; and we confidently expect them both to get what they desire.

NOTRE DAME VS. ELKHART.

On the 29th inst., the baseball season of 1894 was inaugurated at Notre Dame. The day was all that could be desired, and the opening was a success. The game was between the Elkhart Truths and the Varsity team. The result of the contest was a foregone conclusion. It was not expected by anyone that the Elkharts would win. It was simply in the nature of a practice game. Still it was a very pretty game and replete with brilliant plays on both

sides. The Varsity men showed up fairly well on their first appearance, but at times their playing was ragged and loose. Stack was a trifle erratic in the beginning of the game, kindly bestowing bases on the undeserving; but toward the end he settled down and proved a complete puzzle to the Elkharts. After the 5th inning the Truths were not in the game. Stack, with a little more practice—which undoubtedly he needs—will be able to do all that is expected of him. Schmidt, at the other end of the battery, also performed very effective work and proved himself to be cool in critical moments. However, in throwing to bases he is inclined to throw a little high; and this was especially noticeable in his throwing to 2d. Callahan deserves special mention for his superior work at the bat. He is a good hitter and can be relied on in cases of emergency. Flannigan also did good work with the stick, and his playing at 1st base was excellent. The others of the infield—Burns, Chassaing, and McCarrick—are invincible, although several fumbles were made in the opening of the game. Stack confined the hits to the infield, and hence the outfield did not have an opportunity of showing themselves.

The game opened in a way that promised a close contest. The Elkharts were the first at bat, and were retired without any runs; Notre Dame followed and made one run. The situation was reversed in the 2d, Elkhart scoring and the Varsities failing to score. The Elkharts made another run in the 5th, and after that not one of them succeeded in touching the four bases. Notre Dame made three more runs in the 4th inning. In the 8th the Elkhart people went entirely to pieces, and Notre Dame piled up five runs. There is one thing that should receive more attention by our men, and that is coaching. The following is the score:

ELKHART.	A.B.	R.	I.B.	S.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
W. Funkhauser, 1st b.	4	0	0	0	10	0	1
Bradley, p.	4	0	0	0	1	3	0
Criger, c.	3	0	1	0	1	4	1
F. Pindell, 2d b.	4	0	1	0	3	0	4
J. Funkhauser, s. s.	2	1	0	0	3	4	0
Hart, c. f.	2	1	0	0	2	0	1
Silvers, l. f.	3	0	0	1	0	0	0
Marshall, r. f.	3	0	0	1	1	1	3
Q. Pindell, 3 b.	3	0	0	0	3	2	4
TOTALS	28	2	2	2	24*	14	14

NOTRE DAME.	A.B.	R.	I.B.	S.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
O'Neill, l. f.	4	1	0	0	0	0	0
Chassaing, s. s.	5	3	0	0	0	0	2
McKee, c. f.	5	1	0	1	0	0	0
Callahan, r. f.	4	1	3	0	1	0	0
Flannigan, 1st b.	5	1	0	0	12	0	0
McCarrick, 3 b.	4	0	0	0	0	5	2
Stack, p.	4	0	0	0	1	3	1
Schmidt, c.	4	1	2	0	10	3	0
Burns, 2 b.	4	1	1	0	3	3	1
TOTALS	39	9	6	1	27	14	6

SCORE BY INNINGS:—	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
ELKHART:—	0	1	0	0	1	0	0	0	0=2
NOTRE DAME:—	1	0	3	0	0	0	0	5	*=9

SUMMARY.

Krembs, Clark and Sweet, substitutes.
Stolen bases: O'Neill, Chassaing, Callahan, 2; Flannigan, 2; J. Funkhauser, 2; Silvers. *Base on balls:* Off Bradley, 2; Stack, 2. *Struck out:* by Bradley, 1; Stack, 9. *Passed balls:* Schmidt, Criger. *Hit by pitched ball:* Hart. *Wild pitch:* Stack. *Umpires:* Kivlan and Steiner. Time, 1 hour 40 minutes. Official Scorer, P. N. Foley.

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Ahlrichs, Bolton, Carney, Cullen, Crawley, Casey, Corry, Devaney, Dempsey, Dinkel, Davis, Eyanson, C. Fitzgerald, J. Fitzgerald, Funke, Flannery, Flannigan, Hudson, Jewett, Kuhnert, Kearney, Keough, J. McKee, F. McKee, C. Mitchell, McCarrick, McFadden, Murphy, McGarry, Mott, O'Donnell, Powers, Quinlan, Ryan, Scherrer, Schopp, Walker.

BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Arce, Brinker, Barrett, Beyer, Burns, Barton, Baldwin, Cullinan, Corry, Crane, Cavanagh, Cooke, Chassaing, Cuneo, Conway, F. Dillon, A. Dillon, Duffield, Delaney, Edwards, Fagan, Falvey, Foley, Feeney, Galen, Grady, Gordon, Gilmartin, N. Gibson, L. Gibson, Garesch, Golden, Halligan, Hinde, Herman, Hennessy, Harris, Hennebry, Hesse, Harding, Kerndt, Kennedy, Karasynski, Kirby, Kortas, Ludwig, Lawlor, Loser, Maynes, Moloney, Mott, Murray, McHugh, Markum, Manchester, Montague, McCord, Ney, W. O'Neill, Oliver, G. Pulskamp, F. Pulskamp, Palmer, Rumely, Roby, Smith, Spalding, Slevin, Sullivan, Stack, Streicher, Smoger, Stace, Turner, Tinnin, Vignos, Welty, Weaver, Wilkin, White, Zeitler.

CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Austin, Bloomfield, Burns, Bacon, Banholzer, Benson, Benz, Clarke, Connor, Coolidge, Clendenin, Chauvet, C. Cullen, T. Cullen, Chase, Carney, Corby, J. Ducey, A. Ducey, Dannemiller, Dalton, Dreecker, Dilger, Dixon, Davezac, Davis, Foley, Fennessy, Fox, Farley, Forbing, Fleming, Gavin, Gonzales, J. Goldstein, T. Goldstein, Gausepohl, Hurley, Howell, Hutchinson, Healy, Hoban, Howard, Harding H. Jones, Krollman, Kegler, Klees, Lanagan, Lantry, LaMoure, Lohner, Lansdowne, Lowrey, Lippman, Maurer, Munzesheimer, J. Murphy, E. Murphy, T. Murphy, Monahan, Miles, Miers, F. Morris, W. Morris, Massey, Mills, J. Miller, L. Miller, J. McPhillips, McShane, McCarrick, McKenzie, McCord, J. Naughton, D. Naughton, Neilson, J. O'Neill, O'Mara, O'Brien, Ortiz, Pendleton, Pim, Phillips, Romero, Rockey, Reber, Reinhard, Roesing, Shillington, Swift, Strassheim, Stearns, Sparks, Strong, Sullivan, Swigart, Tinnen, Taylor, Teresa, Tempel, Thome, J. Treber, Tuohy, W. Treber, Wilcox, Wensinger, Waters, Whitehead, H. Wilson, R. Wilson, O. Wright, D. Wright, Wachtler, Wagner, Weitzel, Wigg, Ward, A. Yglesia, L. Yglesia, York, Zoehrlaut.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Masters G. Abrahams, Allyn, Bump, Brinckerhoff, Burns, Bullene, Breslin, B. Clark, R. Clark, L. Clark, Croke, Cross, Christ, Catchpole, Corry, Curry, Cassady, Cressy, F. Campau, D. Campau, A. Coquillard, J. Coquillard, Corcoran, Crandall, Clune, Coolidge, J. Dawson, C. Dawson, Davidson, Devine, G. Dugas, Durand, E. Dugas, Dalton, Englehardt, Elliott, Egan, Feltenstein, Flynn, Freeman, Fortune, Finnerty, Girsch, M. Garrity, L. Garrity, Green, Ral Higgins, Roy Higgins, J. Higgins, Hershey, B. Hess, R. Hess, F. Hess, Ives, Jonquet, A. King, K. King, Kilgallen, Kelly, Langley, Lohner, Lawton, McGinley, McPhee, McElroy, McIntyre, E. McCarthy, Eug. McCarthy, G. McCarthy, J. McCarthy, R. McCarthy, McGushin, Morehouse, Minnigerode, Noonan, B. Nye, C. Nye, Otero, O'Neill, Ortey, Perea, W. Pollitz, Peck, L. Rasche, Romero, Robb, Ryan, Rohrbach, Roesing, Shipp, Steele, W. Scherrer, Simm, Schneider, Swan, Shillington, L. Thompson, U. Thompson, Terhune, Thomas, Wagner, York.